

This old song is twice quoted in Beaumont & Fletcher's H. of the Burning Pestle.

v. 1.
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Fair Margaret's Misfortunes : Or, Sweet WILLIAM'S Frightful Dreams on his Wedding Night.

With the sudden Death and Burial of those Noble Lovers.

Fair Margaret & Sweet William.



AS it fell out on a long Summer's Day,
Two Lovers they sat on a Hill ;
They sat together that long Summer's Day,
And could not talk their Fill.

I see no Harm by you, *Margaret*,
And you see none by me :
Before To-morrow at Eight a-Clock,
A rich Wedding you shall see.

Fair *Margaret* sat in her Bower-window,
A combing of her Hair ;
And there she 'spy'd sweet *William* & his Bride
As they were riding near.

Down she laid her Ivory Comb,
And up she bound her hair :
She went her way forth of the Bower,
But never more came there.

*When it was grown to dark midnight
And all were fast asleep
In came Margaret's grimly ghost
And stood at William's feet.*

When Day was gone, and Night was
And all Men fast asleep : (come,
There came the Spirit of fair *Margaret*,
This caus'd him for to weep.

God give you Joy you two true Lovers,
In Bride-bed fast asleep ;
Lo ! I am going to my green Grass Grove,
And I am in my *Winding-sheet*.

When Day was come, and Night was gone,
And all Men wak'd from Sleep :
Sweet *William* to his Lady said,
My Dear, I have Cause to weep.

I dream'd a Dream, my dear Lady,
Such Dreams are never good,
I dream'd my Bower was full of red Swine,
And my Bride-bed full of Blood.

Such Dreams, such Dreams, my honoured
They never do prove good :
To dream thy Bower was full of Swine,
And thy Bride-bed full of Blood.

He called up his merry Men all,
By one, by two, and by three :
Saying, I'll away to fair *Margaret's* Bower,
By the Leave of my Lady.

And when he came to fair *Margaret's*
He knocked at the Ring ; (Bower :
So ready were her Seven Brethren
To let sweet *William* in.

Then he turned up the Covering-sheet,
Pray let me see the Dead ;
Methinks she does look pale and wan,
She has lost her Cherry Red.

I'll do more for thee, *Margaret*,
Than any of thy Kin ;
For I will kiss thy pale wan Lips,
Tho' a Smile I cannot win.

With that bespeak the seven Brethren,
Making most piteous Moan :
You may go kiss your jolly brown Bride
And let our Sister alone.

If I do kiss my jolly browd Bride,
I do but what is right ;
For I made no Vow to your Sister dear,
By Day or yet by Night.

Pray tell me then how much you'll deal
Of your white Bread and your wine :
So much as is dealt at her Funeral To-day,
To-morrow shall be dealt at mine.

Fair *Margaret* dy'd To-day, To-day,
Sweet *William* he dy'd the Morrow :
Fair *Margaret* dy'd for pure true Love,
Sweet *William* he dy'd for Sorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower Chancel,
And *William* in the higher :
Out of her Breast there sprang a Rose,
And out of his a Brier.

They grew as high as the Church-Top,
Till they could grow no higher :
And then they grew in a true Lovers Knot,
Which made all People admire.

There came the Clerk of the Parish,
As you this Truth shall hear.
And by Misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

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